

"I want a clean cup," interrupted the Hatter; "let's all move one place on."

He moved on as he spoke, and the Dormouse followed him: the March Hare moved into the



Dormouse's place, and Alice rather unwillingly took the place of the March Hare. The Hatter was the only one who got any advantage from the change; and Alice was a good deal worse off than before, as the March Hare had just upset the milk-jug into his plate.

Alice did not wish to offend the Dormouse again, so she began very cautiously: "But I don't understand. Where did they draw the treacle from?"

"You can draw water out of a water-well," said

the Hatter; "so I should have drawn the treacle out of a treacle-well."

"But they were *in* the treacle," said the Dormouse, not choosing to contradict the Hatter.

"Of course they were," said the Hatter; "well in."

This answer so confused Alice that she let the Dormouse go on for a long time, without interrupting it.

"They were learning to draw," the Hatter went on, yawning and rubbing his eyes; "and getting very sleepy; "and drawing all sorts of things—everything that begins with an M."

"Why with an M?" said Alice.

"Why not?" said the Hatter.

Alice was silent.

The Dormouse had closed his eyes and was going off into a doze, and was pinched by the Hatter, in order to get his attention. He gave a little shriek, and went on for some time saying "M, M, M," such as mouse-trap, marmalade, memory, and muchness—yawning and saying "are 'much of a muchness'?"

"Really, now you ask me," said the Hatter, "I don't think—"